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# **Rethinking Diabetes**

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**Gary Taubes\***

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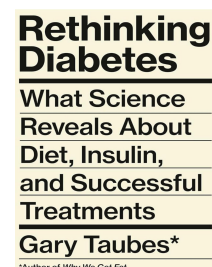
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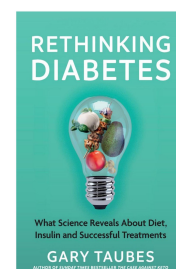
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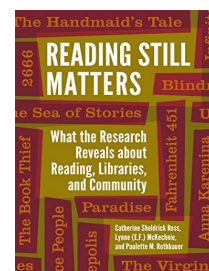
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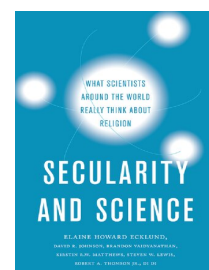
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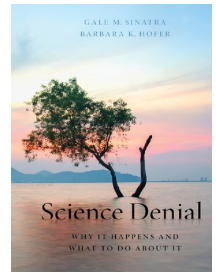
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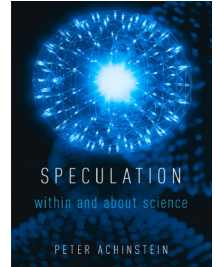
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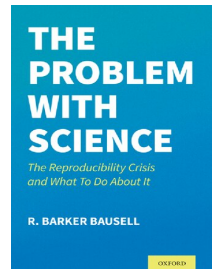
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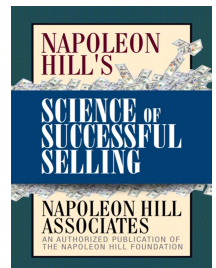
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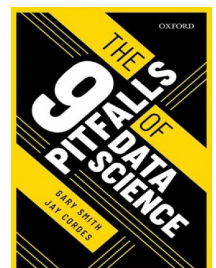
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Gary Taubes\*

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\*Author of *Why We Get Fat*

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*The Case for Keto*

*The Case Against Sugar*

*Why We Get Fat*

*Good Calories, Bad Calories*

*Bad Science*

*Nobel Dreams*

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What Science Reveals About Diet, Insulin,  
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GARY TAUBES



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To Sarah Hallberg

For showing us how to live and helping change the world

*The history of diabetes is marked by the recurrence of certain ideas which rise, decline and disappear, only to make a new appearance and go through a similar cycle again in an altered form, and a new generation. This is notably true of trends in diet.*

—ROLLIN WOODYATT,  
“Round Table Conference on Diabetes Mellitus. Dietary Trends,” 1934

*Diet has always generated passion, and passion in science is an infallible marker of lack of evidence.*

—LYNN SAWYER AND EDWIN GALE,  
“Diet, Delusion and Diabetes,” 2009

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## Introduction

*The effect of any diet is to be judged by those who follow it, not by those who break it.*

—JOSLIN'S DIABETES MELLITUS,  
*eighth edition, 1946*

**O**f all the chronic diseases that are likely to end our lives prematurely, none has been so intimately and surely linked to our diets as diabetes. Since its first unambiguous appearance in the medical literature, clearly diagnosed by Hindu physicians in the sixth century BCE, physicians have speculated on what aspects of our diet might cause diabetes and how it could be treated or cured by dietary modifications.

By the mid-nineteenth century, when the disease was still so rare that even the large urban hospitals of the era could go years without seeing a case, those few physicians who studied the disorder were identifying two mostly distinct variations. One was the form that appeared in middle age and most often in those who also suffered from obesity. It appeared to be a problem of “excessive formation,” as George Harley of University College London suggested in his 1866 book on the subject. Later physicians would come to say it was a disease of overnutrition because of its intimate association with obesity.

The far less common form struck acutely, most often in childhood or adolescence. These young patients died emaciated, as though starved for sustenance, often within weeks or months of their diagnosis. As Harley said, they appeared to suffer from “defective assimilation” of the food they ate. Twenty years after Harley’s book, the French physician Étienne Lancereaux labeled these two diseases, clearly different in both their presentation and their expectation of future life, *le diabète gras* (fat) and *maigre* (thin, or emaciated). Today, the technical terminology for the former is “type 2,” the chronic form that constitutes 90 to 95 percent of all diagnoses and that we’re likely to get as we get older and fatter; “type 1” is the form that appears acutely and most often in childhood and adolescence.

Both diagnoses are characterized by elevated levels of blood sugar (blood glucose, technically). In the era before blood testing was commonly used, sugar in the urine was seen as the indicator of diabetes. Whatever the means of diagnosis, in both cases the body is failing to properly metabolize the carbohydrates in the diet—the *macronutrient* that makes up the great bulk of the calories in grains, starches, and sugars—to use them for fuel, as intended. For this reason, early diabetes specialists would often discuss the disorder as an intolerance for carbohydrates or, more simply, an intolerance for food itself. Until the discovery and purification of the hormone insulin in 1921, the first advice a doctor would likely give a newly diagnosed patient—occasionally the only advice that might confer any benefit—was what to eat and what not to eat to lessen the burden of the disease.

A few of the nineteenth-century physicians writing about the disease suggested that those with diabetes eat predominantly carbohydrate-rich foods—starchy vegetables and grains, sugar and potatoes—with the hope that their diabetic patients might compensate for their inability to metabolize these foods by consuming more of them. Most of the physicians of the era, however, took the opposite approach: since those with diabetes could not metabolize carbohydrate-rich foods but could metabolize fat, they told their patients that fat should make up the bulk of the diet. “Patients were always urged to take more fat,” wrote Elliott Joslin, who, by the 1920s, was the most renowned and influential diabetes specialist in the United States, if not the world. “At one time my patients put fat in their soup, their coffee and matched their eggs with portions of fat of equal size. The carbohydrate was kept extraordinarily low.”

For a century now, diabetes textbooks and chapters on diabetes therapy in medical texts have invariably included some variation on the statement that diet is the cornerstone or the foundation of diabetes treatment. As I write this, the most recent guidelines from the American Diabetes Association refer to dieting as “medical nutrition therapy” (MNT); the word “diet” is now seen as connoting only a temporary way to eat, something you go on and then off, not continue for a lifetime. MNT is seen as “integral” to diabetes therapy.

What constitutes MNT—the dietary recommendations themselves—has been driven over the decades not by any meaningful research comparing different dietary approaches but by advances in pharmacological therapy for diabetes and new methods to deliver insulin, lower blood sugar, and monitor blood sugar. Patients suffering from diabetes are no longer instructed to avoid specific foods or food

groups. Rather, they are expected to follow the same “healthful eating pattern” that government agencies and health organizations recommend for all of us —“vegetables, fruits, legumes, dairy, lean sources of protein...nuts, seeds, and whole grains”—albeit with the expectation, if weight control is necessary, that they restrict their caloric intake.

Controlling the symptoms and complications of the diabetes is left to insulin injections and a pharmacopoeia of drugs that work, directly or indirectly, to maintain blood sugar levels near enough normal that the specter of diabetic complications may be reduced. High blood pressure and the other complications that accompany the diabetic condition can also be controlled by medications. It is assumed that this approach is easiest on the patients, allowing them to balance the burden of having to inject themselves with insulin regularly or wearing an insulin pump or taking the necessary *hypoglycemic* (blood-sugar-lowering) drugs against a greater enjoyment of the pleasures of the table and eating much as their healthy, nondiabetic friends and family do.

In 2009, the British diabetes specialist Edwin Gale, writing with his dietitian colleague Lynn Sawyer, described this situation aptly as paying “lip service to lifestyle change” as a means of controlling diabetes. “Life under communism,” Sawyer and Gale wrote in an editorial in the journal *Diabetologia*, “was once summed up in the wry comment that ‘we pretend to work, and they pretend to pay us.’ Our patients might equally complain that we pretend to offer a diet, and they pretend to follow it.” Sawyer and Gale, knowingly or unknowingly, were repeating what the New York City diabetes specialist Edward Tolstoi had written in 1950, when he explained his rationale for what were then called “liberal carbohydrate diets” or “free diets.” New patients would come into his clinic at New York Hospital, Tolstoi explained, and they would leave with very carefully calculated diet plans and a program of minimal insulin doses that would keep their urine free of sugar, a sign that their disease was seemingly under control. “We learned quite frequently that a patient would leave the clinic, after having been complimented on his excellent cooperation, and would go at once to the hospital cafeteria for coffee and doughnuts or chocolate cake and sometimes we found him enjoying an ice cream soda. We then looked the other way while saying to ourselves, ‘Oh well, [his urine] was sugar free.’ ”

Recent standard-of-care recommendations from the American Diabetes Association—the advice to physicians themselves, for instance, published in 2022—

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on what the organization calls lifestyle management is completely in line with this thinking, ironic as Sawyer and Gale (and even Tolstoi) may have meant it to be. The ADA suggests that because most individuals diagnosed with diabetes already eat a carbohydrate-rich diet little different from that of their healthy friends and relatives, then that's what physicians should recommend. The questionable logic being that if physicians tell their patients to keep eating what they've always eaten, the physicians can have confidence that their advice will be followed.<sup>[\*1]</sup>

The beginnings of this modern dietary thinking regarding diabetes therapy can be dated precisely, to March 1922. This was when University of Toronto researchers led by Frederick Banting and his student assistant, Charles Best, published their first report in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*, describing not only the discovery, purification, and therapeutic use of the hormone insulin, but confirming that the hormone's absence or failure to control blood sugar was a fundamental defect in diabetes, and that even patients on the very brink of death could be restored to health with daily injections of the hormone. The discovery of insulin launched what medical historians would call a "therapeutic revolution." To the physicians of the era, it was quite a bit more than that. It was as close as medicine had ever come, and maybe ever has, to a miracle.

Emaciated patients, described as barely living skeletons, would recover, and some even would return to work within weeks. They would be resurrected, to use the biblical terminology, which physicians of the era often did. (Physicians today occasionally still do.) Diabetes specialists realized that the newly available insulin was not a cure for the disease, but it allowed their patients to metabolize carbohydrates and held the promise of allowing their patients to eat whatever and however they wanted. "Were I a diabetic patient," Fred Banting wrote in 1930 to a physician advocating for just such an unrestrictive diet, "I would go to the doctor and tell him what I was going to eat and relieve myself of the worry by demanding of him a proper dose of insulin." Insulin therapy could apparently keep their patients alive indefinitely, or so it seemed at the time. What was easier for the patients turned out to be easier for the physicians as well.

As the medical historian and physician Christopher Feudtner described it in *Bittersweet: Diabetes, Insulin, and the Transformation of Illness*, the discovery of insulin "set in motion a dialectic process—between novel treatments and the medical understanding of diabetes—that exemplifies the way in which much of modern clinical knowledge has emerged." Part of this shift in dialectic process was

from diet versus disease to drug versus disease. In the decades that followed, diabetes organizations would advocate for dietary therapy for the disease—typically the careful counting and weighing of the carbohydrates consumed such that insulin or other medications could be properly dosed to “cover” them—while diabetes researchers would put virtually all of their efforts into drug therapy. The diets would then be prescribed to allow for the drugs to be used freely, not to minimize their use.

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In his indispensable 2017 guide to living with diabetes, *Bright Spots & Landmines*, Adam Brown, diagnosed with type 1 when he was twelve years old, begins with a reminder of the reality of the disease.

We have too much darkness in diabetes—negativity, confusion, frustration, exhaustion, blame, guilt, and fear. For those of us living with diabetes and the people we love, the cost of this darkness is high. We often don’t know what to do, aren’t doing what we “should” be doing, feel bad about what we are doing, or are told we’re getting it wrong.

All of this is true far too often. One possible explanation for much of that confusion, though, is that the specialists treating diabetes in their clinics and studying it in their hospitals and laboratories, and their colleagues in the closely related disciplines of nutrition and obesity, have embraced some assumptions about the diabetes-diet relationship that may not, in fact, be true. If theoretically these errors in scientific judgment can be corrected, the burden of living with diabetes might lessen considerably. I am writing this book to address that possibility. Only by challenging accepted wisdom can we identify any errors it contains and correct them.

At the heart of a public health crisis that has been building for at least a century remain questions of what those with diabetes should eat: For those willing to make necessary dietary sacrifices to maximize their health and well-being, is there an ideal diet, a pattern of eating (or MNT, for those who prefer that term) that would maximize longevity and minimize the burden of the disease? If the answer is yes, is that diet as safe and effective for those with type 1 diabetes, who require insulin therapy, as it might be for those with type 2 diabetes, many of whom can live without insulin and even thrive without it?

These questions might not need to be asked if it was clearly the case that we truly understood the diabetes-diet relationship. Regrettably, as we'll discuss, the necessary studies have never been conducted to make such an understanding possible. This is one reason why Sawyer and Gale wrote, "From an historical perspective, it is easy to see that the investigators of diet have confused circular motion with progress." Diabetes specialists have often confused studies that compare the conventional thinking on an ideal diet for diabetes to no dietary therapy at all—giving some advice on healthy eating is clearly better than not doing so—with studies that would compare different approaches and philosophies of medical nutrition therapy to see whether one might indeed be superior, if not ideal.

The difficult, controversial questions about diabetes and diet might also be avoidable if fewer individuals were now suffering from diabetes than in the past. If the evidence suggested that diabetes was under control and that patients were thriving, ideally without the financial burden of expensive drug therapies, then we could assume the diabetes specialists and their dietitian colleagues had the necessary answers. But despite all the technological advances in diabetes management—both devices and ever more sophisticated drug therapies—diabetes remains a major problem, and the number of those afflicted is constantly rising.

Most obviously, the prevalence of diabetes exploded in the latter half of the twentieth century. The percentage of Americans diagnosed with diabetes increased 600 percent between the early 1960s, when the first concerted surveys were conducted by federal agencies to quantify this number, and 2015. One current estimate is that almost 30 million Americans have been diagnosed with diabetes, and another 8 to 9 million have diabetes but remain unaware of their condition. The very great majority of these cases are type 2 diabetes, and the remarkable increase in prevalence is blamed on the coincident epidemic rise in obesity. Most diabetes specialists assume that obesity or, at least, excess fat accumulation causes type 2 diabetes, although a significant percentage of patients with type 2 diabetes are lean—perhaps as many as one out of every five (depending on the population). The prevalence of type 1 diabetes has also steadily increased—by almost 50 percent between 2001 and 2017, as a recent nationwide survey published in *JAMA (Journal of the American Medical Association)* documented. Children are also being diagnosed now with type 2 diabetes at ever-increasing rates, despite its previously being considered a disorder exclusive to adulthood (and previously known as adult-onset diabetes). A reasonable estimate is that a century ago one in every three

hundred to four hundred Americans had one of these two forms of diabetes. Today the number appears to be one in nine. Each year, physicians in the United States diagnose 1.4 million new cases.

Diabetes puts all of these individuals at increased risk of heart attack, stroke, cancer, blindness (retinopathy), kidney failure (nephropathy), nerve damage (neuropathy), gangrene, and lower limb amputation. Individuals living with type 2 diabetes also have increased rates of cognitive impairment and dementia as they get older. Their diabetes increases the likelihood that they will suffer from psychiatric disorders—most notably depression. Their life expectancy may be eight years shorter than those without diabetes. In this sense, diabetes can be thought of as accelerated aging, manifest most obviously in heart disease risk and the damage done to the arteries. As the problem was explained to me recently by James Foley, who founded the diabetes research program at the pharmaceutical giant Novartis, success in diabetes treatment often, if not typically, brings failure down the line. In 1960, he said, the average patient with type 2 diabetes would be diagnosed at sixty-five years old and the average lifespan was seventy. Now type 2 diabetes is often appearing in patients in their midforties and, thanks to the many advances in drug therapy and technologies, they're likely to live into their eighties. That's forty years of accumulating complications from the disease, rather than five. "Extending the average duration of type two diabetes eightfold," Foley said, "makes it likely that many patients will develop one or more of these microvascular complications in their lifetime, even though there are much better therapeutic options that enable physicians to achieve much tighter standards of care in their patients today than was possible in 1960."

Both type 1 and type 2 are still considered progressive chronic diseases, meaning the conditions of patients is expected to worsen, and more drugs and/or insulin will be required in response. A 2017 review, written by four leading diabetes specialists and based on a symposium on diabetes care held at the annual meeting of the American Diabetes Association, concluded that "first and foremost" it had to be recognized that type 2 diabetes would inevitably get worse with time. It is "characterized by a progressive deterioration of glycemic control," the authors wrote, "glycemic" referring to blood sugar levels.

Along with the physical and psychological burdens of diabetes, there is a staggering financial cost. Recent estimates suggest that the yearly cost of medical care in the United States as a result of diabetes has risen by over \$100 billion in just

a decade. “The remarkable magnitude” of the costs, as a 2018 editorial in the journal *Diabetes Care* said, reached \$237 billion in 2017, the “elephant in the room,” as the editorial’s subtitle described the problem. “The cost of care for people with diabetes,” the authors wrote, “now accounts for ~1 in 4 health care dollars spent in the U.S. Care for a person with diabetes now costs an average of \$16,752 per year.” This is far more than twice what a healthy person of equivalent age might expect to spend.

Worldwide the situation is equally disheartening. The World Health Organization (WHO) estimates that the number of people suffering from diabetes around the globe increased fourfold between 1980 and 2014, from 108 million to over 400 million, with the greatest rise coming in the poorest countries. Some of this is because people are living longer; the longer we live, the more likely we are to be diagnosed with type 2 diabetes. But the risk of being diagnosed with diabetes *at any age* still more than doubled during those thirty-four years. According to the WHO, diabetes has become the ninth leading cause of death worldwide. In October 2016, Margaret Chan, then WHO director general, discussed this worldwide epidemic of diabetes in a keynote address at the annual meeting of the National Academy of Medicine in Bethesda, Maryland. She described the situation famously and quite simply: It is, she said, a “slow-motion disaster.”

For those with type 1 diabetes, the control of blood sugar—the primary goal of therapy—seems to be getting worse, on average. As of 2018, fewer than one in five children and adults in the United States afflicted with type 1 diabetes were achieving even the relatively liberal blood sugar goals set by the American Diabetes Association—a smaller percentage than a decade earlier. In fact, children with this disorder—often, if not typically, diagnosed after a significant loss of weight—now have a prevalence of obesity “as high or higher” than the general population. Since obesity is so closely associated with type 2 diabetes—never before with type 1—specialists are now thinking of these children as suffering from “double diabetes,” somehow a combination of the two major forms of the disease. More worrisome, even children with relatively well-controlled type 1 diabetes, meaning they keep their average blood sugar levels within the range recommended by diabetes associations, may experience stunting of growth; the higher the average blood sugar, the shorter their average adult height. They may also experience deleterious effects on brain growth and development. The diagnosis of type 1 diabetes in childhood, while not nearly as dire in its outcome as previously, still creates an

expectation of a premature death, according to a 2018 analysis in *The Lancet*, by more than seventeen years in women and fourteen years in men.

As for the individuals most at risk for diabetes, a 2021 review in the ADA journal *Diabetes Care* by a team of researchers from institutions nationwide made clear “that diabetes affects racial and ethnic minority and low-income populations in the U.S. disproportionately, with relatively intractable patterns seen in these populations’ higher risk of diabetes and rates of diabetes complications and mortality.” The prevalence of diabetes, according to the report, increases the poorer you are, the less educated you are, and the poorer the neighborhood you live in. Having a family income below the poverty line is associated with a twofold higher risk of having diabetes. Those who have never graduated from high school have almost twice the risk of those with more than a high school education, twice the risk of dying prematurely than do college graduates. Adults with type 1 diabetes who do not have a college degree have three times the risk of dying prematurely from their disease than those who do. In all these categories, racial minorities are at greater risk than whites, and the situation is getting worse.

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If we knew how to correctly treat and prevent this disease and this information was disseminated widely, would this situation and these numbers be as dire?

Since the 1970s, diabetologists (a word I will use for both the researchers who study the disease and for the physicians who specialize in its treatment) have been more than willing to test many of their fundamental assumptions about the benefits and risks of strict glycemic (blood sugar) control. They have done so in large clinical trials for both type 1 and type 2 diabetes. But they have done so, as I will discuss, almost exclusively in the context of diabetic patients taking medications and employing devices to control their blood sugar, while adhering to the conventional assumptions about diet and lifestyle.

A disconcerting proportion of those trials, aimed mostly at reducing heart disease risk in individuals with diabetes and/or prolonging life, have *failed* to confirm what the diabetologists had come to believe with almost unconditional faith. The \$200 million Look AHEAD trial, for example, which tested the assumption that weight loss in those with type 2 diabetes would lengthen lives, was ended for “futility” in 2012. The ten-thousand-patient ACCORD trial was ended prematurely in 2008, “Halted After Deaths,” in the words of a *New York Times* headline. “Medical experts were

stunned,” the piece said. Almost equally disappointing results were reported from the twenty-country ADVANCE trial (2008) and the 1,800-subject Veterans Affairs Diabetes Trial (2009). The latter three trials tested the assumption that intensive blood sugar control by medications would reduce the burden of type 2 diabetes—specifically heart disease—and the risk of premature death. Diabetes researchers have initiated major studies to test the benefits of various categories of drug therapy compared to one another, but effectively none that test the fundamental assumptions about the relationship between diet and diabetes—not only how the dreadful complications of diabetes can be mitigated, but how the disease itself might be prevented. “There is still a serious shortage of data on long-term effects of these preventive interventions,” according to the third edition of *Diabetes in America*, published in 2018 by the National Institute of Diabetes and Digestive and Kidney Diseases.

From the 1920s through the 1970s, diabetes specialists argued over the best dietary prescriptions for diabetes, or even whether such prescriptions were necessary considering the ongoing innovations in insulin therapy and oral blood-sugar-lowering (hypoglycemic) medications. Nonetheless, the British Diabetes Foundation, established in 1934, and the American Diabetes Association, founded six years later, promulgated dietary guidelines based on a consensus of expert opinion that came to carry the weight of seemingly indisputable scientific fact.

These are the guidelines that are now promoted as “evidence based.” This means they are no longer based on the clinical experience of physicians themselves, but rather on surveys of large patient populations and the results from clinical trials that have only been feasible and practical (and supported by government funding) since the 1960s. But clinical trials necessary to rigorously assess the risks and benefits of diets of significantly different proportions of protein, fats, and carbohydrates have never been conducted.

When researchers have surveyed whether patients with diabetes were actually following the diets their physicians prescribed, or were getting the outcomes that such diets are expected to produce—weight loss, in particular, considered the primary goal of dietary recommendations for those with type 2 diabetes—the results, once again, have been disappointing. “An Analysis of Failure” was the subtitle of a seminal 1973 article reporting on these survey results. Diabetologists, along with their physician colleagues who focus on treating obesity, have mostly drawn the conclusion that their patients are simply unwilling to follow (or incapable of following)



the dietary advice they're given; that a diet restricting what they can eat is not worth whatever benefits they might experience. The immediate burden of the disease, by this thinking, is not equal to the burden of dietary restrictions. This is why, as Sawyer and Gale suggested in 2009, the physicians treating diabetic patients have also assumed that their patients would prefer to take whatever drugs are necessary to control their blood sugar and other complications of their disease, rather than adhere to a diet.

If the diet a patient is instructed to follow does not work, however, if it does not optimize the patient's health and significantly lessen the burden of the disease—if perhaps they only get fatter and more diabetic—then not following it seems a perfectly appropriate response. A strict dietary approach that theoretically minimizes your risk of disease decades in the future, but has no noticeable benefits in the present, may be hard to sustain.

Over the past two decades, the thinking on the diet-diabetes relationship has begun once again to shift. Physicians confronted with the failure of diet therapy among their patients, reflected either in poor glycemic control or the inability of the patient to achieve or maintain a healthy weight, have taken to experimenting with the kinds of diets that were standard for patients with diabetes in the decades before insulin was discovered. These diets restricted carbohydrates almost entirely, while replacing those calories primarily with dietary fat. In the nineteenth century, when this approach was widely prescribed by physicians in the United States and Europe for their diabetic patients, it was often known as the “animal diet.” Today, the fashionable term for this way of eating would be “keto,” although the state of ketosis (elevated levels of molecules called ketone bodies in the blood and urine) may not be necessary for the diet to be beneficial.

When diabetes specialists turned away from these diets because of the availability of insulin to control blood sugar, physicians continued to promote these diets in books, often best sellers. Their authors, most famously the New York cardiologist Robert Atkins, maintained that such carbohydrate-poor and fat-rich diets had remarkable efficacy for achieving weight loss. In the early 1980s, Richard Bernstein, an engineer-turned-physician who had been diagnosed with type 1 diabetes as an adolescent, pioneered the use of these diets for type 1 in the modern era.

These diets are based on the simple assumption that if people have a disease that prevents them from properly metabolizing carbohydrate-rich foods, then the

fewer of those foods they consume, the healthier they'll be and feel. Since diabetes does not prevent the use of dietary fat for energy, fat takes over most of that role. Rather than using insulin and other medications to “cover the carbohydrates” they eat—as patients are typically taught to do by diabetes educators upon their diagnosis—the patient works to minimize both the carbohydrates consumed and the medications used. Bernstein called this the “laws of small numbers,” proposing that the fewer carbohydrates consumed, the lower the insulin doses, the healthier the patient will be and the lesser the risk of dangerous complications. In 1928, when insulin therapy was still new and Elliott Joslin, the most influential diabetologist of the era, talked about the smallest-possible-dose philosophy, he said essentially the same thing: “Unquestionably large doses of insulin will allow patients to take more food and thus gain weight very rapidly, but with larger doses of insulin the patient is walking on longer insulin stilts and his equilibrium is therefore correspondingly endangered. With small doses, progress is more gradual, but quite as sure and certainly safer.” Whether Bernstein’s approach is superior to conventional therapy and whether it would be more acceptable to patients are questions that cannot be answered with certainty, because the trials necessary to do so have never been conducted.

In 2019, the American Diabetes Association released its latest assessment of nutrition therapy for adults with diabetes—both type 1 and type 2—and the related condition of prediabetes, a consensus report prepared by a fourteen-member committee of physicians, dietitians, and researchers.<sup>[\*2]</sup> It concluded that the evidence was insufficient to state which eating pattern, which of these nutrition therapies, was preferable for diabetic patients. Of all those assessed, though, the low-carbohydrate or very-low-carbohydrate, high-fat diets (aka keto) were the ones that had been tested most frequently in the past twenty years and the only ones that showed consistent benefits. All the others, including the Mediterranean-style diet, the DASH (Dietary Approaches to Stop Hypertension) diet, vegan and vegetarian diets, and the kind of low-fat diets that had been prescribed by governments and health organizations as generally healthy diets for decades and had become since the 1970s standard of care for diabetes, had produced at best mixed results in the scattering of short-term (typically a few months to a year) clinical trials that had been done to test them.

Meanwhile, physician researchers found cause to study what their colleagues had come to consider medical or dietary heresy—particularly the consumption of

any diet high in fat and saturated fat—and were reporting remarkable results in those eating this way to control their diabetes. Researchers working with a San Francisco–based health-care start-up called Virta Health, for instance, that uses telemedicine (via online and smartphone technology) to teach patients with type 2 diabetes the ins and outs of eating very-low-carbohydrate, high-fat diets, reported in a series of articles, beginning in 2017, that more than half of their patients were able to put their diabetes into remission. They were able to get off insulin and all but the most benign of their diabetes medications (metformin) while maintaining apparently healthy levels of blood sugar. Almost half of the Virta patients kept up this state of remission for the five years (as of this writing) that their progress has been tracked.

In 2018, a collaboration led by the Harvard pediatric endocrinologists Belinda Lennerz and David Ludwig reported on their study of members of a Facebook group called TypeOneGrit dedicated to using the dietary therapy promoted by Richard Bernstein in his book *Dr. Bernstein's Diabetes Solution*. Both youths and adults surveyed maintained near-normal levels of blood sugar with surprisingly few signs of the kind of complications—including very low blood sugar (hypoglycemia)—that make the life of a patient with type 1 diabetes so burdensome, and that physicians have traditionally feared from this pattern of eating. Physicians who have prescribed either Bernstein's approach or the even more extreme higher-fat ketogenic diets have said they would not have believed such results were even possible in their patients had they not seen it for themselves.

This does not constitute sufficient evidence to claim that eating a diet that restricts sugars, starches, grains, and legumes is a risk-free proposition. As the authors of the TypeOneGrit survey put it, "These findings by themselves should not be interpreted as sufficient to justify a change in diabetes management. Additional research is needed." And such research is desperately needed—the sooner, the better.

I'm writing this book for physicians and dietitians who want to understand why the conventional dietary advice they are giving patients with diabetes isn't helping, and for the patients themselves. I want to explain why an alternative way of eating might be more effective. (As the TypeOneGrit paper noted, some of the participants in the study had chosen to eat this way *against* the advice of their health-care providers.)

This is my fifth book on the relationship between diet and chronic disease, each successive book further unpacking the implications of the decade of my journalistic

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# Exploring the Variety of Random Documents with Different Content

before to-day?

*Harry.* Oh, several times.

*Doctor.* Have you paid him any money?

*Harry.* Why—I—yes, I have. (*Aside.*) Butts has turned traitor.

*Butts.* Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I tell you so? He gave me the check. I'll swear it.

*Doctor.* Harry, you hear. What have you to say?

*Harry.* I did give him that check.

*Doctor.* So, sir, not content with making yourself the terror of the village, not content with disturbing the quiet of our once happy home with your wild courses, to crown your evil life you commit a forgery.

*All.* A forgery?

*Doctor.* Yes, a forgery. This son of mine—hear it, all of you—this son, of whom I was so proud, has forged the name of his father to pay a gambling debt.

*Harry.* 'Tis false!

*Doctor.* False, boy! Can you deny this?—this check, which you confess you gave to Butts?

*Harry.* I did give him the check; but it was given me by another, one who can explain every thing. You could not think me so base as to forge the name of the kindest and best of fathers? That check was given me by Fred Hastings.

*All.* Fred Hastings?

*Fred.* Let me see it. 'Tis false! That check has never been in my possession.

*Harry.* Fred Hastings, do you deny it?

*Fred.* Most certainly. Harry, I would willingly lend you my name to help you out of a scrape; but this is a crime I look upon with

abhorrence. You must bear the blame yourself: I cannot help you.

*Harry.* Am I awake?

*Doctor.* A lie to cover a crime! O Harry, Harry! Is this the reward for all my love, my pride in you?

*Harry.* Father, what can I say? One whom I thought a friend has bitterly betrayed me. I do not know, I cannot imagine, a reason for this; but, as true as there is a heaven above, I am innocent of crime.

*Doctor.* Have you not frequented the gambling-house of Capt. Pitman?

*Harry.* I have. To my shame, I confess it.

*Doctor.* Then you are no longer son of mine. You have bitterly betrayed the trust reposed in you, and you cannot hold up your head in honesty. Go! The world is wide: find where you can a resting-place. My house shall no longer harbor a gambler and a forger.

*Mrs. L.* Doctor, doctor, calm yourself!

*Lucy.* O father! don't speak so! (*They lead him to chair, R.*)

*Doctor.* The cool, heartless villain!

*Harry.* Dr. Harlem (I will no longer call you father, since you yourself cut me off), I have indeed deceived and disgraced you by thoughtless folly; but of this crime I am innocent. You are right. Your house is no longer a fit place for a gambler. I can claim no friends here now.

*Mrs. L.* Oh, don't say that, Harry!

*Doctor.* Silence! Who bandies words with that villain is no longer an inmate of my home.

*Dilly.* Then you can set my bandbox outside the door at once. Dr. Harlem, you're a mean old doctor, so you are! O Harry, Harry! I don't know what it's all about; but I know there isn't a better Harry in this world than you. (*Rushes into his arms.*)



*Harry.* Hush, hush, Dilly! 'Twill all come right some day.

*Bob.* Harry, there's my hand. The case looks hard against you, and I suppose I should be on the other side; but I believe in you, and I stand by you. If you're a villain, as they say you are, I can't see it. It's just my luck!

*Harry.* Bob, you're a trump!

*Dilly.* You won't go, will you, Harry?

*Harry.* Dilly, I must. You cannot understand it. I am accused of a crime, with no power to prove myself innocent. The time will come when I can prove it. Till then, I shall go from here.

*Dilly.* Oh, take me with you, Harry! take me with you! You are the one I love best in the world. I should die without you!

*Harry.* No, Dilly: you must stay here. Be good and gentle with father, and watch, Dilly, watch; for the time will come when even a little maid like you can serve me.

*Doctor.* Oh the villain, the villain! to seek to plunder his old father! The villain, the villain! Has he gone?

*Harry.* In one moment, doctor: my presence is hateful to you. I have disobeyed you, and must bide the consequences. Farewell! Where'er I go, I shall always remember you as the kindest and best of fathers. Farewell!

*Butts.* Stop! You are my prisoner.

*All.* Prisoner?

*Doctor.* No, no, Butts! Let him go. I make no charge.

*Butts.* But the bank does. I have a warrant for his arrest.

*Dilly.* You mean old Butts! You're always sticking your nose into other people's business.

*Doctor.* But, Butts, listen to me. (*Takes BUTTS, R., and they talk together earnestly.*)

*Harry.* (L.) Oh, this is too much! Must I be arraigned as a criminal?

*Dilly.* Why don't you run away? I would.

*Harry.* Thank you for the hint, Dilly.

*Dilly.* Your boat's down at the foot of the garden.

*Harry.* And, if I strike across, I can reach the road. Ah, Dilly! yours is a wise little head. Bob, here. (BOB *crosses* R.) Can I depend upon you? Will you stick by me?

*Bob.* Like a poor man's plaster. It's just my luck!

*Harry.* Then meet me in half an hour at the big oak by Jones's lot.

*Bob.* I'll be there.

*Harry.* Now keep old Butts here, and I'll be off. Dilly, good-by. Heaven bless you! Be a good girl, and have faith in Harry.

*Dilly.* That I will! (HARRY *kisses her, and creeps out, c.*; the DOCTOR *is with* BUTTS, R.; FRED *and* LUCY, *with* MRS. LORING, *back* R., *talking together.*) Oh, if he can only get away! (*Follows him to door, c., and stumbles over the trap, which was placed by* BOB, L. C.) Dear me! I've nearly broke my ankle! Why, what an ugly-looking trap! I must take care of that.

*Butts.* I tell you it's no use, doctor. Law is law, and your son must go to jail.

*Doctor.* But, Butts, I am the only loser by this. The bank has lost nothing.

*Dilly.* (*Coming down* R. *of* BUTTS.) Mr. Butts, what will you do with Harry?

*Butts.* Lock him up in jail, where you ought to be.

*Bob.* (*Coming down* L. *of* BUTTS.) But look here, Mr. Butts, I'm ready to bail him, or my father is. Don't take him away, that's a good fellow. I'll help you to take all the rogues there are in the village, only let him off.

*Dilly. (At door, c.) He's reached the boat, and he's off. (Drags trap down behind BUTTS, and sets it.)*

*Butts. Look here, young man! I know my business. Harry Harlem must go to jail.*

*Dilly. Oh! don't take him to jail, that's a good Mr. Butts! I won't dress up any more figures, and I won't steal your horse and chaise again, if you'll only let him go.*

*Bob. Now, do, old Butts! You're a kind-hearted old fellow, I know you are!*

*Butts. Silence! The law must be respected. (DILLY and BOB pull him R. and L. to attract his attention during the previous lines. At this part, they have him in front of the trap.)*

*Fred. (Back, c.) Gracious! there's Harry half-way across the lake! There's innocence for you!*

*Doctor. Escaped? Thank heavens!*

*Dilly. (Dancing, and clapping her hands.) Good, good, good!*

*Butts. The prisoner escaped! (BOB pushes him back into the trap.) O murder, murder! What have I done?*

*Bob. Put your foot in it, old Butts.*

*Dilly. Good, good, good!*

*Butts. (Rushing round and dragging the trap.) Lost my prisoner! Murder, help! O Bob Winders, you've ruined me.*

*Bob. Have I? That's just my luck!*

*(Quick curtain.)*

## **ACT II.**

**FIVE YEARS SUPPOSED TO ELAPSE.**

SCENE *same as Act. 1.—Table, R. C.; arm-chair, L. C.; small table, R. C.; with chair R., in which is seated MRS. LORING, knitting.*

*Mrs. L.* Dear me, how time does fly. It's five years this very day since our Harry disappeared. Five long years, and no word, no sign, from him. Perhaps he's dead. Poor boy, innocent or guilty, his loss has been a sad blow to his father. Since that day, he has never been the same man. Prostrated by a long illness, the result of that terrible excitement, feeble in body, wandering in mind, he is but the wreck of the grand old doctor of former days. The school has been given up, the house mortgaged, and what the end will be, Heaven alone can tell. But for Dilly, this would be a sad house. Dear child, she is the ruling spirit. When the blow fell, forsaking all her roguish pranks, she proved herself a woman. The doctor cannot stir without her, and we have all come to depend upon her quick and ready judgment. To-morrow the interest on the mortgage is due. I know we have no money to meet it, no friends to assist. Ah, me, I fear the house must go, and that I am convinced would kill the doctor. (*Enter LUCY, R.*)

*Lucy.* Aunt Loring, I have come to you for advice. Mr. Hastings sent me a note this morning, in which he declares his love for me, and asks me to become his wife.

*Mrs. L.* I have long suspected this would be the result of his stay here. Does it surprise you, Lucy?

*Lucy.* You know how persistently he has visited us for the last three months, and how attentive he has been to me. He is very agreeable, and—and—

*Mrs. L.* You love him. Is that it, Lucy?

*Lucy.* No, no! I do not, and I sometimes wonder at myself: I like to be with him, he is so gay and so attentive; but, when he begins to speak of love, I don't know why—but a face comes between his and mine, the face of my dear brother Harry, and then I almost detest him.

*Mrs. L.* You do not believe him guilty of the charge made by Harry?

*Lucy.* I do not know what to believe: I only know I wish he would never speak of love to me; but still—

*Mrs. L.* Well, Lucy?

*Lucy.* We are poor, very poor: this life we now lead cannot last much longer. Some day this place must be given up; then what will become of father, you—all of us? Dilly works hard to keep the wolf from our door, and I am but a poor drone in the hive. Mr. Hastings is rich: were I his wife, this place might be secured, father made comfortable, and you and Dilly happy.

*Mrs. L.* And yet you do not love him?

*Lucy.* No, no: I cannot while this uncertainty exists about Harry.

*Mrs. L.* Then do not marry him. A marriage without love is a blasphemy; and a marriage with Fred Hastings could not be a happy one. Give him his answer, plainly and fairly, and leave our fate to be adjusted by a higher and wiser power. Hark! here's Dilly: do not speak of this before her; it would make her unhappy.

*Dilly. (Outside, c.)* Ha! Ha! Ha! what a queer old doctor! you make me laugh so, my sides ache, you're so funny. *(Enter c., supporting DOCTOR. LUCY runs and places arm-chair c., in which they seat him.)* There, I've given you a good long walk; now be a good boy, be quiet, and entertain me. *(Sits on stool at L. of DOCTOR. LUCY kneels, R.)*

*Doctor.* Ah, Dilly, you're a funny girl—a little rogue—you want to keep me all to yourself.

*Dilly.* Of course I do: ain't you my cavalier, my true and faithful knight, ready to break lances and fight for me?

*Doctor.* Yes, yes! ah, dear me, dear me!—

*Lucy.* What's the matter, father?

*Doctor.* Ah, Lucy, my child, your father's getting old. I can't tramp so far as I could once. Mrs. Loring?

*Mrs. L.* Well, doctor.

*Doctor.* Isn't it most school-time?

*Dilly. (Aside.)* Dear me, the school again!

*Doctor.* You know we must be very prompt, or we shall set a bad example.

*Mrs. L.* You know it's vacation now, doctor.

*Doctor.* Dear me! so it is, so it is! strange I should forget it. But isn't it a very long vacation, Mrs. Loring?

*Mrs. L.* About the usual time.

*Doctor.* The pupils will be coming back soon, won't they? We must have every thing neat and tidy. Greenlake Seminary must keep up its reputation. I shall be glad to see the lads,—Hastings, Winders, and all the rest of them. What rogues they are: I hope they'll behave better this term, and keep our Harry—no, Harry's dead.

*Dilly.* O doctor! don't talk about the school: let that take care of itself. Talk to me.

*Doctor.* Harry's dead. What day is this, Dilly?

*Dilly.* The 1st of August.

*Doctor.* Harry's dead. Five years ago; it was a beautiful day when we buried him. Don't you recollect it Dilly: we placed a marble slab over him—we took it from the village bank. I don't understand why we did that. Do you, Dilly?

*Dilly.* No matter, doctor. Let's talk of something else: you know you promised me a sail on the lake this afternoon.

*Doctor. (Looking at his watch.)* Nine o'clock: come, boys, to your places,—to your places. Master Root, you were very imperfect in your history yesterday: be careful sir—be careful. Master Hastings, why must I speak to you so often about your grammar. Master

Winders, you were in Farmer Bates's orchard last night. Harry, Harry,—dear, dear, I forgot! Harry's dead.

*Lucy.* Dear father, don't talk any more about Harry.

*Doctor.* Why, Lucy, child, where have you been all day? Where have you been?

*Lucy.* I've been here, father, waiting for you.

*Doctor.* Waiting for me? Why, I haven't been away. Yes, yes, I have: Harry drove me to the cars early this morning. I found something by the way,—this little girl (*patting Dilly's head*): her name's "Bread on the Waters." That's what Harry calls her. She's going to live with us,—ain't you, little girl?

*Dilly.* Indeed, indeed, I am, doctor.

*Doctor.* Harry says, "Keep her, father, keep her;" and Harry's a good boy,—a good boy. Where is he this morning? Why don't you speak? Somebody run and call him.

*Dilly.* Why, doctor, you know he's gone a long journey.

*Doctor.* Dear me! so he has, so he has,—a long journey to the bank. He's a good boy—a good boy—he'll be back soon.

*Dilly.* Oh! why don't he come? why don't he come?

*Mrs. L.* Dilly, Dilly, be calm.

*Doctor.* Don't be in a hurry, little girl. Don't be in a hurry (*FRED appears, c.*): all in good time—all in good time.

*Fred.* May I come in?

*Lucy.* Mr. Hastings?

*Dilly.* He here again.

*Mrs. L.* Certainly, walk in.

*Fred.* Ah! thank you, delightful morning, ain't it. You grow young, Mrs. Loring. Ah, Lucy! I hope I find you well, and Dilly too. How's my old friend the doctor, this morning?



*Doctor.* Ah, Butts, how are you?

*Lucy.* You are mistaken father: it's Mr. Hastings.

*Doctor.* Ah! Master Fred, I'm glad to see you. Back to school again, hey? Well, well, lad, be more careful of your grammar this time. Study, boy, study.

*Fred.* Of course I will. With so renowned a master, as Dr. Harlem, I mean to study hard, and then I shall be sure to succeed.

*Doctor.* Come, Mrs. Loring, you see the boys are coming back: let's go and see if every thing is in order. (MRS. LORING *takes his arm.*) Greenlake Seminary has a reputation to sustain. Come: good-by, Dilly.

*Dilly.* Good-by, doctor. Now, don't tire yourself, for you must take me out for a sail this afternoon.

*Doctor.* Yes, yes, when Harry gets back: you know we can't do any thing without Harry. (*Exit DOCTOR and MRS. L., R.*)

*Fred.* The doctor appears feeble this morning, Lucy.

*Lucy.* Yes: poor father fails very fast. At times his reason wanders, and for whole days he is as you have seen him to-day.

*Fred.* Poor doctor: is there no help for him?

*Lucy.* None, I fear.

*Dilly.* You are mistaken, Lucy. There is one thing that would set him right.

*Fred.* And pray what is that?

*Dilly.* The return of Harry, with his innocence clearly established.

*Fred.* Ah, indeed! you know that can never be.

*Dilly.* You think so?

*Fred.* I know it. It's no use now to mince matters. Harry forged that check to get himself out of a scrape. He will never return.

*Dilly.* I think he will.

*Fred.* You have great faith, Dilly.

*Dilly.* In Harry? Yes. I believe him innocent; and I am sure the day will come when he will stand beneath his father's roof in the calm, proud consciousness of vindicated innocence.

*Fred.* You are a brave girl thus to stand by him,—a convicted felon.

*Dilly.* 'Tis false. He is no felon.

*Fred.* His flight—

*Dilly.* Was my act. Would I had never counselled him to it! Had he remained, all would have been made clear.

*Fred.* Ah, you suspect—

*Dilly.* Yes; but I do not accuse.

*Fred.* Dilly, you are an enigma. Do you know that doubting Harry's guilt places me under suspicion?

*Dilly.* Does it?

*Fred.* Dilly, you surely do not suspect me?

*Dilly.* Mr. Hastings, we will speak no more of this.

*Fred.* But, Dilly—

*Dilly.* I repeat, I accuse no one. The time will come when all this will be made clear. We must wait.

*Fred.* (*Aside.*) That girl *does* suspect me. (*Aloud.*) You're quite right, Dilly. It's a disagreeable subject, and unworthy our attention this bright, beautiful morning. Come, Lucy, it's too pleasant to be cooped up indoors. What say you to a sail?

*Lucy.* I shall be delighted to go. Dilly, will you go with us?

*Dilly.* Thank you; but I have something very particular to attend to this morning. You must entertain Mr. Hastings.

*Lucy.* I'll do my best, Dilly; and I won't be gone long.

*Fred.* There's a beautiful breeze on the lake.

*Lucy.* I'm all ready. Good-by, Dilly.

*Dilly.* Lucy, one moment.

*Lucy.* Certainly. (*To FRED.*) Will you excuse me?

*Fred.* Oh, don't mind me! I'll stroll down the path and wait. (*Exit, c.*)

*Dilly.* Lucy, that man loves you.

*Lucy.* I know it.

*Dilly.* You know it? He has spoken then.

*Lucy.* No. He has written, and now awaits my answer.

*Dilly.* And you, Lucy; do you love him?

*Lucy.* Why do you ask, Dilly?

*Dilly.* Because it would break my heart to know you did. O Lucy! think of Harry, your dear brother, falsely accused. Think of his words five years ago regarding this man.

*Lucy.* I do think of them, Dilly, often, very often; and, remembering them, I can say to you, No, I do not love him.

*Dilly.* Oh! bless you for those words: they lift a weary load from my heart. While Harry is away—

*Lucy.* I am heart whole. I know your suspicions, Dilly; and, till they are proven true or false, Fred Hastings can have no claim upon me. Good-by! he's waiting.

*Dilly.* Good-by, Lucy! (*Exit LUCY, c.*) The time will surely come, but when—when that old man tottering on the brink of madness shall be in his grave, when this loved home shall have passed from us, when old age and gray hairs shall be upon us. Faith,—yes, I have faith; but this watching and waiting is weary and wearing. No clew by which to work, nothing but bare suspicion; and yet I have faith. This

man Hastings, after nearly five years' absence, appears again among us. He knows I suspect him; and yet he dares to woo the sister of his betrayed friend. Oh! why *don't* Harry come? If he would only write; but no, no word, no sign. Pride keeps him silent; but I know he will one day return. Heaven grant it be not too late to save his father! (*Enter BUTTS, C.*)

*Butts.* O Dilly, Dilly! such a crime! such an outrage, a high-handed, diabolical assault on law and justice!

*Dilly.* Why, Mr. Butts, what's the matter now?

*Butts.* Sh—! don't speak so loud. We must be cautious: my reputation depends upon it. I haven't breathed a word of this to a single person; but you know since the time you managed to help Harry give me the slip, I've had a great respect for you, and always come to you for advice.

*Dilly.* What is this new outrage?

*Butts.* A forgery, a stupendous forgery.

*Dilly.* Here in our village?

*Butts.* No: in California.

*Dilly.* California! What's that to do with us?

*Butts.* A great deal to do with *me*, Dilly; for I am the humble individual destined to bring the perpetrator to justice.

*Dilly.* You, Mr. Butts?

*Butts.* Listen, Dilly. Three months ago, the Malone Bank of Sacramento lost twelve thousand dollars by the payment of a check purporting to be signed by the firm of Dunshaw & Co., wine-merchants, presented by one John Robinson a noted gambler and stock-speculator. Three days after, the check was found to be a forgery. In the mean time, the said John Robinson had embarked in a steamer bound for New York. The firm of Dunshaw & Co. immediately offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of the said John Robinson. I have just received a note from some

unknown party, giving me the intelligence of the forgery, and acquainting me with the fact that the said John Robinson is in this vicinity. Five thousand dollars! Why, Dilly, I shall be a rich man.

*Dilly.* When you get the forger.

*Butts.* Precisely. That won't be long. I've got my eye on him.

*Dilly.* You suspect.

*Butts.* Do I! I tell you, Dilly, when Butts gets his eye on a culprit, there's no escape.

*Dilly.* Mr. Butts, didn't Mr. Hastings come here from California?

*Butts.* He did. By the by, he might give me information,—valuable information.

*Dilly.* Suppose he should be John Robinson?

*Butts.* Oh, pooh, pooh, Dilly. It isn't possible. Suspect him? why you're not so sharp as I gave you credit for. He's here openly. Do you suppose John Robinson would travel about in his original hair and whiskers? No, John Robinson is disguised. I've got my eye on him. There's been a very suspicious character prowling about the village for the last two days. It's him, John Robinson. But he won't prowl much longer. Oh, no! Butts has his eye on him, Butts has his eye on him. Good-by, Dilly! Don't speak of this,—not a word, not a syllable. Five thousand dollars! He's trapped, he's trapped. (*Exit c.*)

*Dilly.* This is very strange. Why should this John Robinson come here? I wish this matter was in any other hands than those of Mr. *Butts*. Zealous as he appears, he was never known to ferret out any crime of more importance than that of robbing an orchard. He'll be sure to make some mistake. (*Enter MRS. LORING, R.*)

*Mrs. L.* I have persuaded the doctor to lie down, Dilly. Can I be of any assistance to you?

*Dilly.* No, thank you.

*Mrs. L.* The interest on the mortgage is due to-morrow.

*Dilly.* O auntie, I know it is; and we have not the money to pay it. I know not where to go to procure it. We must ask Mr. Hartshorn for further time.

*Mrs. L.* I fear that will be useless. Mr. Hartshorn is the principal of a rival seminary: he has long desired to possess this place; and, I fear, will not let the opportunity pass when he can procure it at a very low price.

*Dilly.* Oh, do not say that, auntie! If he refuses, who will aid us?

*Bob.* (*Outside c.*) Just my luck! (*Enter, c. with carpet-bag.*) Halloo, here you are, here you are!

*Dilly.* (*Rushing up, and seizing his hand.*) Why, Bob Winders, you dear old fellow! where *did* you come from? I declare I must hug you. (*Throws her arms round his neck.*)

*Bob.* That's right, Dilly. Hug away. I like it: it's just my luck. (*Gives his hand to Mrs. L.*) Mrs. Loring, I'm glad to see you looking so well.

*Mrs. L.* Robert, welcome, a thousand times welcome.

*Bob.* Well, now, that's hearty. Dilly, how you've grown! My eyes, what a bouncer!

*Dilly.* Why, Bob, how *you* have altered!

*Bob.* Altered. I suppose you refer to my weight. "How are the mighty fallen!" Well, I flatter myself I have altered, and for the better. It's a deused sight more comfortable; and there's no end to the money saved. Provisions have sensibly lowered in price, and the tailors look decidedly gloomy, since I've donned this slender habit. I'll tell you how it came about. When I presented myself to my respected parent on my return from school, his first exclamation was, "Good gracious! how fat that boy grows!" followed by a lengthy survey of my by no means diminutive person. "This will never do, boy: you must travel." Being of an obedient disposition, and being plentifully supplied with funds, I did travel. I first attempted to cross the ocean, was shipwrecked, and for twenty days skimmed the cold ocean in an open boat, my daily food being one biscuit. It would

naturally be supposed that a loss of superabundant flesh would follow. It didn't. I increased in weight. Finally, after much tribulation, I reached England. I was blown up on the Thames: not an ounce of my flesh forsook me. I was smashed up on a railroad. Flesh still immovable. Paraded Paris, rushed into Russia, sighed in Siberia, peeked into Pekin, leaned against the Leaning Tower at Pisa, roamed in Rome, swam in Greece, picked a bone in Turkey, and finally brought up in California, weighing twenty pounds more than when I left home. Just my luck! But here Providence befriended me. I started for the mines. Domesticated myself in a little place called Leankin, was persuaded to run for office, and, by the time the campaign was over, I was run with a vengeance,—run out of pocket, run off the track by my opponent, and run down to my present slender proportions.

*Dilly.* O Bob! you've been unfortunate. I'm so sorry!

*Bob.* Unfortunate!—not a bit of it. When I'd lost all my money, I fell in with my partner,—a glorious fellow my partner. We worked in the mines together till we had amassed a snug little capital, then started business in San Francisco; and to-day there is no more successful firm in California than that of Winders & Co.

*Dilly.* I'm so glad! But, Bob, have you no tidings of our Harry?

*Bob.* Harry! Why, Harry's here, isn't he?

*Dilly.* Have you forgotten the events of five years ago?

*Bob.* Oh, I remember! Harry ran away to escape being juggled by old Butts.

*Dilly.* And you know nothing of him?

*Bob.* Me! Why, bless you! how should I know any thing about him? Hasn't he been heard of?

*Dilly.* Since that day we have never heard of or from him. His poor father has been very ill, and now is almost bereft of reason.

*Bob.* You don't mean it! This will be news for Har—I mean my partner.

*Dilly.* Your partner? What is this to him?

*Bob.* Oh, nothing! only he is naturally interested in any thing that interests me; that's all.

*Mrs. L.* Yes, Robert, your old master has seen sad times since you left. This house is mortgaged, and must now pass from him.

*Bob.* No! You don't mean it?

*Dilly.* The interest is due to-morrow, and we've no money to pay it. Oh, if Harry were only here!

*Bob.* As he isn't, let me be your banker. Here's my wallet: it's in the condition in which I was five years ago,—it's overburdened, and wants tapping.

*Dilly.* No, no, Bob! You are very kind; but we have no claim upon you, and I could not think of taking your money.

*Bob.* Claim! confound it! Isn't this the home of my old master? and do you suppose I am going to stand by and see it pass from his hands when I have plenty? No, Dilly. Harry and I were brothers here at school; and, when his father is in trouble, I'm bound to aid him for the good he has done me, lickings and all.

*Dilly.* Oh, no, no, Bob! do not ask me to take it.

*Bob.* Well, then, I won't. Mrs. Loring, who holds this mortgage?

*Mrs. L.* Mr. Hartshorn.

*Bob.* Then I shall do myself the honor to call upon Mr. Hartshorn, and put him in good spirits by paying the interest.

*Mrs. L.* O Robert! you have a kind heart.

*Bob.* Have I? Well, I've got a full purse too, and it's pretty heavy; and, as I've got rid of heavy weights, if this doesn't lighten soon, I shall throw it into the lake.



*Mrs. L.* Well, well, have your own way.

*Bob.* I always did. It's just my luck. I'm very dusty. Shall I go to the old room?

*Mrs. L.* Yes; and I'll show you the way. O Robert, Heaven will surely bless you. (*Exit, R.*)

*Bob.* Bless her dear old face! Dilly, it does seem good to be in this house once more.

*Dilly.* O Bob, we're so glad to see you! You have comforted sorrowing hearts to-day.

*Bob.* Have I? Well, that's pleasant. But, Dilly, where's Lucy?

*Dilly.* She's on the lake with Fred Hastings.

*Bob.* Fred Hastings! He here? Just my luck!

*Dilly.* Lucy will be glad to see you, Bob.

*Bob.* I hope she will, Dilly; for I've come a great ways to see her. Good-by! (*Exit, R.*)

*Dilly.* Good-by! Dear old fellow! how fond Harry was of him! Ah, me! if Harry would only come now! (*Turns, and meets HARRY, who has entered, c., disguised as an old man, gray wig, beard, red shirt, and sailor trousers.*)

*Harry.* A morsel of food, I beg. I have travelled far, and I am very hungry.

*Dilly.* Hungry! Poor old man, sit down. I will bring you some food. No one is ever refused in this house. (*Exit, R.*)

*Harry.* Thanks, thanks! Heaven bless you! Home again at last, after five long years; once more I stand within the dear old house. How familiar every thing looks! There's the arm-chair in which father sat, the little stool on which I nestled at his side, there's Aunt Loring's knitting-work, and Lucy's book,—every thing just as it was in the old times; and that was Dilly, my little Dilly, grown to woman's estate. Oh! how I long to clasp her in my arms! They told me I must

not come in here; but I could not help it. I *must* know if I am remembered here, or if the bitter accusation made against me has driven me from these hearts. (*Enter DILLY, with meat and bread, which she places on table, R. C.*)

*Dilly.* There, that's the best I can do. You are heartily welcome. Sit down, and make yourself comfortable.

*Harry.* Thanks, thanks! (*Sits R. of table.*) I'm so hungry! You have a kind heart, a kind heart, young lady! Heaven will surely bless you for your kindness to a poor old wanderer.

*Dilly.* Now, don't stop to be complimentary.

*Harry.* (*Pretending to eat, but watching DILLY attentively.*) May I ask whose house this is?

*Dilly.* This is Dr. Harlem's house.

*Harry.* Dr. Harlem, Dr. Harlem? Oh! I remember,—the master of the seminary.

*Dilly.* Are you acquainted here?

*Harry.* Long ago, long ago! In better days I knew this place.

*Dilly.* But you don't eat.

*Harry.* Oh, yes! I do. I'm very hungry. Dr. Harlem,—he was a kind, good gentleman.

*Dilly.* Ay, that he was and is. But times have sadly changed. Illness has almost unsettled his reason.

*Harry.* (*Starting up.*) Gracious heavens!

*Dilly.* How you startle me! What ails you?

*Harry.* (*Recovering himself.*) Nothing, nothing. I'm very old, and the fear of losing *my* reason haunts me. When you spoke of that old man, you startled *me*. I beg your pardon.

*Dilly.* Well, sit down. If you don't eat, I shall fear you are not pleased with what I have prepared.

*Harry.* But I do eat (*eating ravenously*); don't you see I do? I'm very hungry. (*After a pause.*) Dr. Harlem,—are you his daughter?

*Dilly.* Oh, no! His daughter Lucy is on the lake.

*Harry.* But didn't he have a son?

*Dilly.* Yes, he has a son.

*Harry.* Yes, yes, I remember!—a wild, reckless lad. He was sent to prison. He was a forger.

*Dilly.* 'Tis false! He was noble, generous, and good; and those who dare accuse him of crime are base slanderers.

*Harry.* (*Aside.*) She's true, she's true! (*Aloud.*) I beg your pardon; I was told—

*Dilly.* Told?—how dare you, beneath his father's roof, partaking of his charity, repeat this falsehood? Oh, shame, shame, upon you!

*Harry.* I beg your pardon once more. It was ungrateful in me, I spoke without thought. Forgive me, I will go.

*Dilly.* No, no, sit down! Forgive *me*; for it was wrong in me to speak thus to one who never knew Harry.

*Harry.* Ah! Harry has a warm friend in you.

*Dilly.* I hope he has; for his kindness to me can never be repaid. For five years, every thought of mine has been to find some way to clear him, some way to prove his innocence. But, alas! his father's illness has required all my attention; has kept me at his side: and I have found no way to serve him.

*Harry.* If he is innocent, wait: the time will come when the truth will triumph. Have faith, my child, have faith.

*Dilly.* I have, I have! But you're not eating.

*Harry.* Oh, yes, I am; for I am very hungry. Heaven bless you for your kindness to an old man (*placing his hand on her head*), and bless you for your trust in one who wanders through the earth with a blasted name.

*Doctor. (Outside, R.) Dilly, Dilly, here, quick!*

*Dilly. The doctor calls me; I must go. Now make yourself comfortable; I'll soon return. (Exit, R.)*

*Harry. My father's voice!—sick, almost bereft of reason; and I cannot go to him. The sight of me might kill him. O false friend! the time will come, the time will come! Heaven send it soon, or my heart will break. (Sinks into chair R. of table, and buries his face in his hands. Enter BUTTS, C., very stealthily.)*

*Butts. Five thousand dollars! Now, who would imagine that mass of hair and old clothes was worth five thousand dollars? And yet it is. Once within the clutches of this limb of the law, I'm a rich man. Oh, ho, Butts, you're a sharp one, you are! (Strikes his hand on table.) Wake up, you're wanted. (HARRY raises his head.) At last we meet.*

*Harry. Meet! Who are you?*

*Butts. Oh, you don't know me! Well, that's not singular; but I know you; I've had my eye on you: you're a deep one, you are! But I've got you! California too hot, hey? Well, we'll give you a warm corner here, John Robinson. Oh! I know you: you can't humbug Butts. Suppose I should tell you just when you left California, John Robinson? how much money you took, John Robinson?—suppose I should lay my hand on your shoulder, John Robinson, and say you are my prisoner, John Robinson,—what would you say, John Robinson?*

*Harry. That, if you lay a finger on me (producing a pistol, and presenting it), I'll blow what little brains you have into yonder lake.*

*Butts. (Dropping under the table.) Murder! put up that infernal machine. Help, murder!*

*Harry. Shut up! If you speak again you're a dead man. Come out here! (BUTTS obeys.) Now take a seat, and make yourself comfortable.*

*Butts. (Sitting L.) Comfortable?*

*Harry.* The tables are turned, hey, Butts?

*Butts.* Oh, you villain, you villain! But you can't escape me; I'm an officer of the law; never known to take a bribe. I believe in justice, and justice will surely overtake you, John Robinson.

*Harry.* I sincerely hope I shall some day have justice.

*Butts.* The hemp has grown, the rope twisted, that will twist your little neck, John Robinson.

*Harry.* So you are Butts the thief-taker, are you? Well, I'm glad to meet you. I've a little business with you. Butts, an officer of the law, who believes in justice, and yet turned his only son out of doors.

*Butts.* How! What do you know about my son?

*Harry.* I know that he is dead.

*Butts.* Dead! My Bill dead!

*Harry.* Yes; it was my hand that closed his eyes, away off in the mines of California.

*Butts.* My boy dead!

*Harry.* He told me the story of his life. He loved a poor girl, and his father turned him out of doors.

*Butts.* She was a vile—

*Harry.* Stop, Butts! She was a pure, noble woman: her only fault was loving your scamp of a son. He married her. I have his word for it and the marriage-certificate. He married her nineteen years ago; took her to the little town of Elmer, fifteen miles from here. They had a child.

*Butts.* A child! I never heard of that.

*Harry.* Oh! you was too busy looking after rogues. You forgot your own scamp of a son. When the child was four years old, the mother died, broken-hearted; for your son was a villain. Bill determined to try his luck in California. But the child was an encumbrance that must be got rid of. So one dark night, Bill took her in his arms, and

started for his father's house, to leave her on the doorsteps. But Bill, not having led a virtuous life, was wanted by certain officers of the law. They tracked him. Bill found they were after him, and, with fatherly care, flung his offspring by the roadside, and fled. He died three months ago in California.

*Butts.* And the child?

*Harry.* Ah! the child is safe.

*Butts.* Thank Heaven for that! Where is she, my grandchild?

*Harry.* Safe, I tell you. I, and I alone, know where to find her.

*Butts.* John Robinson, you're a noble—no—I mean you're a—Oh! lead me to her. I'm an old man. This child—I long to clasp her in my arms.

*Harry.* Lead you? Well, Butts, under the circumstances, that is a very cool proposition. You forget: by your own admission, I am your prisoner.

*Butts.* You are free, only give me the child.

*Harry.* Five thousand dollars for John Robinson, hey, Butts?

*Butts.* If it were fifty thousand dollars, give me the child, and you are free.

*Harry.* I'm astonished, Butts! you an officer of the law, never known to take a bribe!

*Butts.* Oh, curse the law! John Robinson, if you are a man, lead me to that child.

*Harry.* On one condition, Butts.

*Butts.* Name it.

*Harry.* There's a man named Belmer stopping at the village inn: bring him here in half an hour.

*Butts.* And the child?

*Harry.* Bring Belmer here in half an hour, and the child shall be placed in your arms.

*Butts.* Bless you, John Robinson, you're a trump! I'll be here in half an hour. Robinson, you're a brick! (*Exit, c.*)

*Harry.* So the train is laid. I'll take myself off, lest the sight of that dear girl's face unman me. If all works well, when next I enter here none shall have cause to blush for Harry Harlem. (*As he is about to exit, c., he meets LUCY, who enters, c. He stands aside, bows, and hurries out, c.*)

*Lucy.* A strange old man! Who can he be?

(*Enter FRED, c., LUCY sits, R.*)

*Fred.* Lucy, I entreat you unsay those words. Give me at least the power to hope.

*Lucy.* No, Fred: I am convinced a union between us would be unhappy.

*Fred.* But give me some reason, Lucy. You love another?

*Lucy.* No.

*Fred.* Then why reject *me*? I love you truly, devotedly. Become my wife; and, if you do not love me now, I will find some way to make you.

*Lucy.* No, Fred: I repeat it is impossible. My father needs my care. Were he well, I think he would not sanction it, and—and—

*Fred.* Lucy, you are not just to me or your father. He needs your care: he needs something more than that. I know how his small fortune has gradually dwindled away, that his house is mortgaged, that he has not a penny in the world. Become my wife, Lucy. I am rich. Give me the power to aid him?

*Lucy.* No, no, Fred: better as it is. Dilly, Aunt Loring, I, will work night and day to gain for him every comfort.

*Fred.* But think, Lucy. The best you can do will only make him comfortable for a little while. With a pressing creditor like Hartshorn, this house must at last be given up.

*Lucy.* I know it must, I know it must. Heaven help my poor father!

*Fred.* I offer you my hand: accept, and to-morrow the mortgage shall be paid, principal and interest. See, Lucy, I'm at your feet. I love you truly, sincerely.

*Lucy.* My poor father! What shall I do? oh, who will aid us now? (*Enter BOB, R., with fishing-pole, stumbles against FRED, who is kneeling.*)

*Bob.* Just my luck! I beg your pardon. Why, Lucy!

*Lucy.* (*Rushing to him.*) Bob Winders, dear Bob, how glad I am to see you! (*Throws her arm round his neck.*)

*Bob.* Just my luck! Why, Lucy, I hardly knew you.

*Fred.* (*Aside.*) What sent him here at this time? (*Aloud.*) Bob, old boy, where did you drop from? (*Gives his hand.*)

*Bob.* Why, Fred, is it you, still fluttering round the old flame, hey? Where did I drop from? From the four quarters of the globe. I've been in England, France, Russia, everywhere, including California.

*Fred.* California!

*Bob.* Yes, California. It's a fine place, California, the Golden State. Lots of gold to be got by digging; and, if you object to that, money can be easily got by signing your name to a slip of paper. Just before I left, a chap raised twelve thousand dollars by putting a name to a blank check. But it wasn't his name; 'twas the name of Dunshaw & Co.: his was John Robinson. "O Robinson, how could you do so?"

*Fred.* It was discovered.

*Bob.* Of course it was. Robinson sloped; but he'll be caught, he'll be caught! Lucy, I see you are engaged. I'm going out to try the trout. I used to like the sport; and I rather think the trout liked me, for I never managed to hook many of them. Just my luck! Good-by!



*Lucy.* Oh, don't go, Bob! I want to talk to you. I've scarcely seen you.

*Bob.* Well, there isn't so much of me to see as there was. But I'll be back soon. (*Aside.*) There's popping going on here, so I'd best pop off. (*Exit, c.*)

*Lucy.* The dear old fellow, Harry was so fond of him! Don't you think he has altered, Fred?

*Fred.* Very much, Lucy. But he is still the same blundering fellow he always was. But for him, just now, I should have had your answer, I think your favorable answer.

*Lucy.* I have told you, Fred, I do not love you. Do not, I entreat you, urge me to a course I know I should regret. I would do any thing for father—

*Fred.* Then marry me, Lucy. Give me your hand. I will wait for your love.

*Lucy.* To save my father, Fred— (*Enter DILLY, R.*)

*Dilly.* Lucy, our old friend Bob Winders has arrived. Have you seen him?

*Fred.* (*Aside.*) Confound that girl! she's always in the way.

*Lucy.* Yes, he passed through here just now: I never saw such a change. (*Enter DOCTOR, R., with the portfolio used in Act 1.*)

*Doctor.* Dilly, Dilly, don't scold! I wandered into your room in search of you. I picked up your portfolio; and I want you to write to Harry.

*Dilly.* Write to Harry?

*Doctor.* Yes: write to Harry. Tell him to come home: we want him. Don't you understand, child? Write, write, write!

*Dilly.* (*Takes the portfolio. The DOCTOR sits in an arm-chair, L. C.*) What can I say to him, doctor?

*Doctor.* Say—say? What can you say to Harry? I believe the child is mad. Say that we want him here; that his old father's heart is breaking, breaking, breaking. You want him, don't you, Dilly?

*Dilly.* Heaven knows I do!

*Doctor.* Then write: quick, quick! (*DILLY sits behind table, R. C., and opens the portfolio.*)

*Fred.* Ah, Dilly, I see you still preserve my present of five years ago.

*Dilly.* Preserve it? Yes; but I have never opened it. The memory of that day is not pleasant to recall. Now, doctor, you shall tell me what to write.

*Doctor.* Commence "Dear, dear Harry."

*Dilly.* Oh, of course! "Dear, dear Harry"—(*drops her pen, starts, and remains with her hands clasped, her eyes fixed upon the portfolio. Aside.*) What do I see? am I dreaming?

*Doctor.* Yes, "Dear, dear Harry." He is dear,—my own dear son. Who says he's dead? It's false: he stood by my bed last night. Who says he's a forger? 'Tis false. He's a good boy, a good boy—first in his class—the largest number of credits—no checks for Harry Harlem! Checks! they said he forged my name,—the name of his old father; and they took him, put him in prison, and hanged him by the neck till he was dead, dead, dead. A forger! 'tis false, false, false.

*Lucy.* Why, Dilly, what's the matter?

*Fred.* (*Approaching table.*) Dilly, child, what ails you?

*Dilly.* (*Starting up, and closing the portfolio.*) Away, away!—you, of all men! I beg your pardon: I know not what ails me. (*Takes portfolio, and comes down, L.*) (*Aside.*) The proof, the proof at last! What shall I do? who trust? I dare not leave Fred Hastings here with Lucy: I fear his influence. Oh, if I could but make the doctor understand!

*Doctor.* Have you written, Dilly?

*Dilly.* Not yet, doctor (*sits on stool at his side, L.*) I want to talk with you first; I want to tell you a story.

*Doctor.* But I don't want to hear a story; I want you to write to Harry.

*Dilly.* Listen to me a moment, doctor. You'll like this story: it's about a boy very much like Harry.

*Doctor.* Then he was a good boy, a good boy!

*Dilly.* Yes, he was a good boy until he gained a friend, a false friend, who led him into temptation.

*Fred. (Aside.)* What is the girl up to now?

*Dilly.* This false friend taught him to gamble.

*Doctor.* That wasn't like Harry: he never gambled.

*Dilly.* He lost a large sum he could not pay. The false friend proffered assistance; gave him a check purporting to be signed by the boy's father, with a very plausible story to account for its being in his possession.

*Fred. (Aside.)* What is she driving at?

*Dilly.* The fraud was discovered; the boy punished.

*Doctor.* The boy! It should have been the friend.

*Dilly.* You're right, doctor; it should. But the proof was strong against the boy, and he suffered. Even his own father believed him guilty.

*Doctor.* False friend! false father!

*Dilly.* But the boy had another friend, weak but true: five years after, among the papers of this false friend, she found the proof to clear the boy.

*Doctor.* Proof! What was it?

*Dilly. (Opening portfolio.)* It was like this, doctor.

*Doctor.* Like this?—like this?—Why, I see nothing. A portfolio blotting-paper!

*Dilly.* But on the paper?

*Doctor.* Marks, nothing but marks. Yes, yes, they assume shape,—Aug. 1, Aug. 1. Gracious heavens! what is this? what is this?

*Fred.* I see it all. (*Rushes up, and seizes the portfolio.*) Girl, girl, would you kill the old man? You must not so excite him: no more of this. I'll fling this accursed thing into the lake. (*Runs up, c., and throws the portfolio off.*)

*Dilly.* What have you done? what have you done?

*Fred.* Saved the old man from a fever. No more of your confounded stories, Dilly.

*Dilly.* Fred Hastings, you are a villain! In that portfolio is the proof of your guilt: it shall not be destroyed. (*Runs up, c.; HASTINGS seizes her by the wrist.*)

*Fred.* Hold, mad girl! Hard words; but, for the sake of the old man, I forgive you. If that portfolio contains proof of my guilt, it's too late now: it's at the bottom of the lake. Who can bring it thence? (*Enter BOB, c.*)

*Bob.* Just my luck! I knew that lake contained bouncing trout; but I never knew before that it produced any thing so nearly resembling a flounder. (*Holds up portfolio.*)

*Dilly.* It's mine, mine, Bob.

*Fred.* Curse that fellow! He's always in the way.

*Dilly.* Listen all. I charge that man Hastings with the perpetration of the forgery of which Harry Harlem was accused five years ago. The proof is here. On the blotting-leaves of this portfolio once owned and used by him are indelibly impressed the written lines of the check,—“Aug. 1, 1858. Seventy-five—Andrew Harlem,”—left there when he blotted the check. (*Enter MRS. LORING, R.*)

*Lucy.* Gracious heavens!

*Mrs. L.* Is it possible?

*Bob.* By thunder!

*Doctor.* I don't understand, Dilly; I don't understand.

*Fred.* You're right, doctor: it is hard to understand, especially as Harry and I were such good friends. We used our writing materials in common. Of course, he wrote the check on that portfolio; that's plain.

*Lucy.* Mr. Hastings, I remember the words with which you presented that portfolio to Dilly, "Should I ever become a great man, you can boast you possess something which no one but I have ever used."

*Dilly.* His very words.

*Fred.* You, too, turn against me, Lucy?

*Lucy.* To clear a dear brother's name, against you and all the world.

*Bob. (Aside.)* Ah, ha! I shall have her yet: it's just my luck.

*Fred.* My friends, I pity your delusion. It is natural we should stand by those we love; but this is a clear case. Harry Harlem is now an outcast skulking from justice, while I—Who dare accuse me of any crime? (*Enter HARRY, C., disguised.*)

*Harry.* Be that task mine.

*Dilly.* That old man again!

*Fred.* Yours! Pray may I inquire who you are?

*Harry.* One who for five years has watched your course, knowing you to be a villain, waiting for the proof; one who has watched you first squander the rich inheritance of your father, then fall among the ruined and degraded, living as a speculator and gambler; one who has proof of your last crime, the forging of the name of Dunshaw & Co.,—the hunted felon under the name of John Robinson. (*Enter BUTTS, C.*)

*Butts.* John Robinson here! then who the deuse are you?

*Harry.* Belmer—did you find him?

*Butts.* Mr. Belmer waits without.

*Fred.* Belmer—that name! He here? Then I am caught at last.

*Harry.* Yes: Belmer, the detective of Sacramento, waits for you. Shall I call him in?

*Fred.* No, no: I'll see him outside. So, so! run to earth like a fox! Well, I'll put a good face on it. Friends, I have a pressing engagement; will you excuse me? I should not have come to this place; but—but—

*Lucy.* Fred, Mr. Hastings, you once professed a regard for me: if it was sincere, I beg you clear my brother's name.

*Fred.* For your sake, Lucy, yes. I did forge the name of Dr. Harlem to the check used by Harry.

*Dilly, Lucy, Harry. (Together.)* At last!

*Fred.* At last? (*To Harry.*) Who are you that to-day stand forth as my accuser?

*Harry.* One who, after five long years of absence, now stands beneath his father's roof cleared of every semblance of stain. (*Tears off his wig and beard.*)

*Fred.* Harry Harlem!

*Dilly. (Rushing into his arms.)* My Harry, my Harry! Oh, welcome, welcome! Here, doctor, doctor, Harry's come! Harry's come!

*Doctor. (Starts up.)* Harry's come! Where is he? where is my boy?

*Harry. (Kneeling.)* Here, at your feet, dear father.

*Doctor.* My boy, my dear boy, we've waited long for you; but I knew that you would come.

*Lucy.* Dear, dear brother! (*Embracing him.*)

*Harry.* Lucy, best of sisters!

*Bob.* Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you the junior partner of the firm of Winders & Co.

*Dilly.* Your partner!

*Harry.* Yes, Dilly, my true and fast friend. From the day I left here, we've been inseparable. A true friend, a true friend!

*Fred.* If you will pardon me, I think I'll go.

*Butts.* I think you'd better. Mr. Belmer is very anxious to see you.

*Fred.* Butts, you're a stupid old fool. (*Exit, c.*)

*Bob.* He can't help that: it's just his luck.

*Butts.* I think I'd better follow him.

*Harry.* No: Belmer will secure him. Never fear.

*Mrs. L.* Harry, welcome home once more!

*Harry.* Ah, Aunt Loring, still as buxom as ever! thanks, thanks!

*Doctor.* Well, I declare I feel like a new man.

*Dilly.* Ah, I told you Harry would make all right.

*Doctor.* Ah, that he has. I'll open school again.

*Butts.* I say, Harry, you've no ill will against me?

*Harry.* Ah, Butts, I've no ill will against any one now, I'm so happy.

*Butts.* The child, Harry?

*Harry.* Dilly, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to my father, for your faith in me? To you I owe the good name I bear to-day: how can I repay you?

*Dilly.* O Harry, you ask me that?—you to whom I owe my happiness, this dear home, these kind friends?

*Harry.* Dilly, you have a relative living.

*Dilly.* A relative?

*Harry.* Yes, a grandfather. Your father died in California: I know his history. Your mother is also dead. Your father's name was William Butts.

*Butts.* And I'm your grandfather. O Dilly, Dilly! who'd have thought it?

*Dilly.* You my grandfather!

*Harry.* There is no mistake: you are his grandchild. I have the proofs.

*Butts.* Come right here and kiss me. Who would have thought it? Why, Dilly, this accounts for your being such a thief-taker: it runs in the blood.

*Bob. (Aside.)* Precious little inheritance in that line she received from you.

*Dilly.* You my grandfather! Is it possible? Then I am really somebody after all.

*Butts.* Somebody? Yes, indeed! Grandchild of Jonathan Wild Butts!

*Dilly.* But I don't want to be anybody's grandchild. Harry's my father: I don't want any other. And, if I am to go away from here,—

*Harry.* Don't be frightened, Dilly. It's a good thing to know you have relatives; but I do not propose to renounce my claim. You are my rightful property: I found you by the roadside when deserted by your father. I will still claim relationship; but, Dilly, it must now be as your husband.

*Dilly.* My husband!

*Harry.* Yes, Dilly, be my wife. I have had you in my thoughts night and day for the last five years. You have proved your love for me as a sister; now I shall claim a dearer title.

*Dilly.* O Harry, I do not deserve it!

*Doctor.* She does, Harry; and, if you don't marry her at once, I will.



*Butts.* What! rob me of my grandchild just when I have discovered my treasure? I don't like it.

*Dilly.* Oh, yes, you do, grandpa! for I shall love you dearly, I know; that is, if you let me have my own way.

*Butts.* And that way is into the arms of a husband, I suppose?

*Dilly.* (*Giving her hand to Harry.*) So Harry says; and I always do just what Harry tells me.

*Harry.* Dear, dear Dilly!

*Bob.* So, Harry, you're going to take a new partner into the concern?

*Harry.* Yes, Bob: remember the Scripture injunction, "Go, and do thou likewise."

*Bob.* Lucy, what say you? Will you take an interest in the concern? The senior partner is desperately in love with you.

*Lucy.* O Bob, you've been a kind friend to my brother Harry!

*Bob.* That's got nothing to do with it. I'm getting rid of all superfluous stock; and I find I've got too much heart. So I'll throw it into the market. If you want it, it's yours at your own price. Yes: I'll take yours, and call it an even trade.

*Lucy.* Well, I suppose I must say it's a bargain.

*Bob.* Thank you: we'll just put a revenue stamp on that contract (*kisses*). I've got the best of the bargain: just my luck!

*Doctor.* Ah, that's right, that's right! just as it should be! We're a happy family now, thanks to Dilly! Ah! we have much to thank her for.

*Harry.* Ay, that we have! Father, your words have come true at last,—*"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"*—

*Dilly.* *"For thou shalt find it after many days."*

*Doctor.* Yes, yes: returning peace and happiness after many days,  
after many days.

### **DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.**

R., BOB, LUCY, DOCTOR, HARRY, DILLY, BUTTS, MRS. LORING, L.

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